fairest monuments. The second largest mosque in India is their work, only lesser than the Jama Musjid, of Delhi, as Bijapur itself was of Mahornmedan kingdoms only second to that of Delhi, which eventually absorbed it.

How lovely was the Jama in the mellow sunlight that July afternoon, as I passed in stockinged feet over the polished floor, through the five long arcades bisected by nine, to the Mehrab, gorgeous in colours and gold.

To some minds no country in the world presents scenes which attract as India does. Under no other skies are our imaginations and emotions so stirred. The men and women who have acted on its stage and passed away, leaving "properties" behind them, appeal to us more powerfully, and seem to claim closer kin than any others. But of all comparatively modern Indian historical scenes—for in a country with a past in millions of years, three centuries ago is but yesterday—I think Bijapur is the most vivid* It is extraordinary that, notwithstanding the great beauty of

Bijapur
architecture, the unique situation of this city
of the desert, very few people know anything
about its history, thrilling enough even to befit
the scenes presented to the eye.

For